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former officers of White's and other friends. I sat between Christopher Soames and Stefan. Afterwards, I had a good talk with James Stuart. When I first came to London, he was considered--by the ladies, at least--one of the most attractive men in England. After being Chief Whip in the House of Commons for Churchill, he retired, but has retained his good looks and charm.

March 20, 1962 - Tuesday

I lunched at the Carlton Tower today, with Louis Cipolla, in his office. As head chef, he controls a number of cooks of various nationalities, including Chinese, Spanish, Italian, and French. We had an enjoyable time together, especially when eating his Marseilles specialty, a highly seasoned chicken.

Cipolla was born in Marseilles. One of his grandparents was a Neopolitan. He is going over to live in the United States, commencing some time this summer, where he will be Supervising Chef for the Hotel Corporation of America chain. He is a likable man, of about 45. He labors under what is really a delusion, that his good luck in his profession is largely owing to me. I originally recommended him, when he was a young man in Paris, to the Marlboroughs. After a few years at Blenheim, he moved on to Birmingham, before landing at the Carlton Tower.

I paid a return call on the Korean Ambassador, Yong Shik Kim, at 36 Cadogan Square. He is a cultivated man, with a friendly feeling, as far as I could judge, towards the United States.

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Mac Godley is spending a day or two here on his way back from Washington to Leopoldville. He talked to me for an hour this afternoon about his experiences in the Congo. Some of them are hair-raising. The great problem seems to be one of personal security, since outrages of every sort are committed daily, even in the

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for children. Anouilh was relatively unfamiliar with the historical basis of his subject, so there is a great deal of inaccuracy, but compensating fantasy and satire. I saw it on its opening night in Paris some years ago, where it had a brilliant cast, which as I recollect it, was markedly superior to that playing here.

March 29, 1962 - Thursday

General Maxwell Taylor came to see me this morning. We talked for about an hour and a half on many subjects. He had previously visited Bonn and Paris. His chief preoccupation was with the French situation. He thinks anti-Americanism is more rampant in official circles than for a long time. He ascribes this, in large part, to French dissatisfaction over not having received American assistance for their nuclear program. I do not know what recommendation he may make to the President, but am inclined to think it may be that we should furnish the French some of our surplus enriched uranium. Also, he favors a further study of deGaulle's demands for changes in the command structure of NATO. If the United States makes any concessions, he would hope in return we would receive from the French a more effective participation in NATO. He hoped I might accompany him today during his visits to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and Lord Mountbatten. I could not do so, nor could I attend the Mountbatten lunch, since I have to be on hand to attend Mrs. Kennedy's departure.

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Mrs. Kennedy postponed her leaving, and finally got off at 4:00 p.m. Joan Braden left us at the same time, with the American newspaper party, which numbered about 45 journalists and photographers. There were not many people at the Airport, but enough photographs were taken to have satisfied the wants of every newspaper in Western Europe and America. She is wonderfully photogenic. Stash and Lee were there, and are always great fun to be with.

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Paul Nitze telephoned me yesterday, saying he would like to come over and stay next week. Bob Bowie is arriving Monday, as is Bob Schaetzel, George Ball on Tuesday, Walter Lippmann a little later on, Jean Lambert from New York on Thursday. American officials alone, or in delegations ranging from three to twenty, are thick as flies around here.

News from Laos, if it were not for the gravity of the situation, would from time to time be [redacted] amusing. A telegram yesterday from Vientiane to the Department, speaking of Souvanna's excuse for not accepting an invitation from the King because of illness, says: "Souvanna reports himself recovered from his recent indisposition, which he described as a violent internal upset from eating too much raw fermented deer's liver."

Amongst the letters that came in this week is one from a young English girl, asking for American postcards. She must have been reading old diplomatic correspondence. She says she looked up how to conclude her letter in the local library, and uses the phrase "I have the honor to be, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant."

Almost every weekend our poor Embassy is picketed by a few bedraggled persons, for one reason or another. Today, it is lovely and sunny, so there is no reason to feel sorry for them. A handful of males and females are carrying placards calling for the US to deliver food to Cuba. Next week it will be something else. Probably a reversion to the favorite theme of "no more nuclear testing".

Virginia Craig lunched with us and the children. After lunch, the whole family was glued to the television screen, to watch the running of the Grand National. There had been rain, sleet, and snow the day before, so the going was heavy. I had drawn "Politics" in a sweepstake at Buck's. Sasha and I had placed bets on

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